308 Davison, Vassar, Poughkeepsie N.Y.

Dear Rosemarie,

At last I am what may be called fairly settled. It took so long to get my room in order, but now that it is all arranged I am crazy about it. I'm so glad I selected rose for a color scheme.

We have a fine crowd of girls in Davidson this year.

I was rather disappointed when I found that some of the girls I was quite intimate with last year had not come back. A number of 1914 girls are getting married this month and several engagements have been announced.

The leading lady in Prunella is to be married next Saturday. Her mother is head physician here.

Last Saturday we had our first big social event, an out-door reception for the Freshmen. I took two very cute Pittsburgh girls.

Sunday afternoon we walked to Lover's Leap, a point on the east bank of the Hudson, from which there is a wonderful view. To-day is such a lovely one, that we are going again.

This week we had our first concert. A bass soloist and a pianist were here. They were both splendid.

I am quite thrilled about Sophomore party. It is to take place October 18 and will be given for the Freshmen. They are to have a play and I have a part in a chorus.

Yesterday was the Senior Party reception. Seniors give bids to the Sophomores.

I went with Shummie. I never saw such dressiness in all my life. Some of the girls have the handsomest new creations that just take your breath away. The parlor is much more beautiful than last year and everyone was wild about it then.

Shummie is much more adorable than she ever

was. Last Sunday she had a solo in chapel. It was very good. I was with her Saturday in Music Hall while she practised.

Other things that have happened are about the same as last year, tramps dinner invitations, dancing and college and step singing. It gives me an awfully good, contented sort of a feeling to be doing those things again. I have played some field-hockey this fall and am very fond of it.

Jo Worsham is visiting here now and it's so good to see someone of last year's girls back for a week.

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stop. Grace lives down on second floor so all she needs to do when she wants me is shout up the stairs which I expect her to do in just a minute.

Lovingly, Edna.

October 5, 1913.